

The Music of the Silver as the Hat is Passing Round.

From the West (Text) News.

A new report is to be heard yesterday (yesterday) of a woman going to church, and "the music of the silver, as the hat was passing round," being such an unusual sound to her ears, called forth all the poetry of her nature, and the following poem is the result:

How we love our little city
By the rocky stream,
And the echo of its strains
Is to us a charming theme.
For no people more enlightened
Or more generous to their neighbor
Than the people of this city
When the hat is passing round.

We are building handsome churches—
And we keep the Sabbath day—
And our people, good and pious,
When the hat is passing round.
We have many costly organs—
But they play no sweeter sound
Than the music of the silver
As the hat is passing round.

We have seen the youth and maiden
Come worship with the rest
And the sound of the organ
While he looked sweetly and smiling,
We have heard them laugh and giggle
In the church—a merry sound!
But seldom hear the silver
As the hat is passing round.

We have seen the speaking glances
We have seen his look of love,
We have seen her smile so sweet
As the gentle dove;
They were looking at each other
As they sat so close together,
That we wondered where those whispers
But the breathing of a prayer;
We have seen them look at each other
In that silent, holy hour,
Like the clinking of the silver
As the hat is passing round.

When they cannot try the whisper,
And they dare not move their lips,
We have seen them look at each other
From off their finger-tips,
Giving words of recognition
Where a well-known face is found,
But they feel the silver
While the hat is passing round.

We have seen the worthy pastor
Lean his head upon his hand,
Or with arms upon the Bible
In the sacred pulpit stand,
We have wondered, in his bosom
At the hidden thoughts that were
In the heart of the silver
As the hat is passing round.

We believe it would assist him
On to greater efforts still,
If he knew a loving couple
Were bestowing their gifts,
With the silver of the church,
As he heard the clinking silver
While the hat is passing round.

We have heard a happy saying
"Let thy kingdom come on earth."
We have seen him look at each other
As they sat so close together,
That we wondered where those whispers
But the breathing of a prayer;
We have seen them look at each other
In that silent, holy hour,
Like the clinking of the silver
As the hat is passing round.

We will not condemn another
Lest "a beam in our eye,"
For we hope to meet together
In the happy "day and night,"
But, we pray you, do not think
That there is no sweeter sound
Than the music of the silver
When the hat is passing round.

FASHIONS OF THE SEASON.

A Chat with the Ladies, About What to Wear and How to Wear It.

Have you a hunting costume yet? No? How unfortunate! For "the lady's wardrobe" is becoming complete without one.

When hunting was first put forth for inspection and adoption, caters for ladies' attire shook their heads. No good, was the universal decision. No lady will wear so coarse and mannish a costume as the hunting dress, even though fashion should decree it. Here's the sequel:

Bunting was found to be wear and tear, and sporty, manly, and it took; consequently more and more it was taken with its texture and color, and to-day it is without a rival in its specialty.

The black is a good shade for use with crepe, and this is to become the traveling costume for deep mourning.

In colors, we have the darkest shades of blue, brown, green and gray. These are usually adorned with plaids, stripes, light blue, or yellow; and the Indian gibbon, of soft color, with light embroidery, is considered an admirable finish.

Still there are many who cling to the "plain" mode, and who prefer the dress of the "old" to the "new," consequently we see bunting made up with folds, black-pleating, etc., of the material.

Bunting plaids beautifully; and the favorite style is a cluster of three side-pleats, and an equal plain space.

There are also light, delicate tints of the new colors, some of which have already been noticed in "the chat," and stand upon their merits without further description.

We noticed a pretty costume, of a medium shade of light blue, bordered with the "plain" mode, and which was immensely effective, in dark brown, had more hair-pleating of yellow, and the small blue-blossoms of brown, had its interest interpreted.

The best bunting is 50 cents per yard—usual single width—and we can advise our readers who are to-day asking about serviceable costumes for town and country.

We noticed, at a leading capmaker this week, some pretty styles of home-dresses in white shawl. One a girlish wrapper, was made with the three long seams, both front and back, from neck to bottom of skirt. There, instead of being closed and sewed by machine, were finished with a band of inserting net—in the center band of front and center seam of back both being of the inserting, with a narrow, rounded edge each side. The bottom was finished with blue flounce, forming its own heading. The sleeves and pockets were finished, prettily, with the inserting and edge.

This pretty and graceful wrapper was marked \$10.00, and so neatly made that we marveled at the price.

Bows of blue, pink, or cardinal ribbon placed on the pockets, at the throat and back of the neck, would make it a charming home dress; and if a little more, a heavy silk cord and tassels, of corresponding color, confining the dress closely at the waist, would complete the perfection.

Ladies of robust figure, in their mind look better in a flowing wrapper from the neck.

FLORA WYNE.

Written for the Sunday Morning News.

Something to Encourage the "Soft" (P) Sex—An Article Which All the Gentlemen Will Read Because There Are "Ladies in the Case."

Dear Reader: No new dress makes a very fine because I want to use your columns as a medium of praise to two very deserving ladies, viz: actors and authors. Ah! that's right; that smile makes you look as though you had eaten a whole strawberry shortcake for dinner, and washed it down with a bottle of "Burgundy"—and I believe you have. Well, the sweet way to man's heart is through his stomach, and that's a fact. I know this by experience, and now that you are full, we will have a little chat. The lady in full of smart women, and this spruce little city has her full share of representation, if report is truthful; that they are beautiful, I know, and I am willing to take the rest for granted. It is not, however, of the accomplishments and wit of the ladies of Redalia that I wish to speak—at least, not at present; their time will come in due season. I wish to allude to some of the women who are before the public now, as broad winners for themselves and their children, and often, grieve to add, for disappointed husbands. Also, foremost among the names of those toiling in the dramatic field are Mary Scott Siddons, Rose Eyling, Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, Adelaide Neilson, Annie, and half a dozen other celebrities. I have listened to the unimpaired interpretations and watched the impassioned, eloquent "acting" of the first-mentioned lady, before an audience that yielded her a net profit of \$1,000, when her husband was dead and only two blocks away! No wonder she throws so much passion and despair into her art, for it is her only life.

Let us then two years ago I saw Rose Eyling, as leading lady in "Leda Astra," at the Union Square Theatre, New York. The play had two runs, each of a hundred nights, and there was no abatement of interest. She held her audience spell-bound, for her matchless talent rivalled her peerless beauty, and both were perfect. She received for her services \$300 per week. She was equally successful in "The Geneva Cross" and "Rose Michel." She is now in the great role of the legitimate drama, notably, in "Cleopatra." She, also, has a husband who is willing to be supported.

Everybody knows the power of Clara Morris' voice on the susceptible hearts of mankind. A Cleveland table waiter once declared that her request for "Another small piece of steak, please," always brought the tears to his eyes.

Misses Davenport, Nellie, Dyer, Granger, Wainwright and Grace d'Urley were before the New York public (as different Julietts in the various acts of the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet") the 31st ult. It was a cunning device on the part of Mr. Rigold, to secure a large audience. The house was packed, but, I believe, according to the story, that the rendition of the several Julietts—aside from Fanny Davenport—was bad. It served Rigold right. He had no business with a half dozen beauties on his hands—at least, not in New York. Across the East River it would have been all right. The women above-mentioned are all dramatic stars, and most of them are smart.

In the literary field we have scores of women, beautiful, brilliant and witty; women of rare merit, who are infinitely superior in every respect, to the little, insignificant puppets, in the guise of mankind, that dare to criticize them. I will only refer to two, viz: Susan R. Anthony and Mary Clemmer Ames.

Several years ago the first-mentioned lady started a paper—"The Revolutionist"—in the city of Rochester, N. Y. Notwithstanding her indomitable pluck, she failed, owing \$11,000. The bankrupt law was in full force, but Susan did not take advantage of it as many men (?) do; or, if not that, invest their wealth in their wife's names, and interpose themselves behind the scenes of their credit. No! Susan had an aged mother and an invalid brother dependent on her, and she cared for them like the noble woman that she is, and last year she emerged from the wreck of the "Revolutionist" free from debt, having earned every cent of the money herself, to bring about that result; and I recommend to all the hang-dog men who see this article, and are accustomed to meet at the best efforts of a woman to make her way in the world, to cut it out, put it in their pocket, and read it three times a day and read that portion which refers to Susan.

Mary Clemmer Ames is one of the most successful writers of the day. It makes me laugh when I figure up her salary as a newspaper correspondent. Thirty dollars per week from the New York Independent. I know this is true, for I've been in the city where she drew her monthly salary thirty dollars for every letter she writes to the Cincinnati Commercial; her own price for all the work outside of these two offices has no mean estimate on her pen. Think of this, young men, who are working for a salary of \$100 per week, and smoke seven cigars, buy fewer diamond engagement rings, and spend your money for some good work on the lives of the hard working classes above-mentioned, (for their lives are not those of ease and indulgence, by any means) put yourself, and go, and do likewise—if you can. At all events, don't do as the literary productions of the women of the present age! You can write something as good or half as good.

Notice to Stock Men. I have 170 acres of blue grass, timothy and clover pasture to rent, with plenty of water, six miles southwest of Lamont, Pettis county, Mo. J. D. MENEZ. 6-12-01

The St. Louis Millinery Store Has a large and complete stock of millinery and fancy goods, of the latest styles, which they offer at very low prices. The ladies of Redalia and vicinity are invited to call and they are assured that they will find the goods at this place very cheap, as well as very beautiful. Two doors north of the post-office.

Wm. Hoberrecht & Co. have dissolved partnership, to take effect July 1st, are desirous to close up all of their old business. Parties knowing themselves to be indebted will please call on or settle at once, as all accounts will be placed in the hands of an attorney, for collection, after that date.

Wm. Hoberrecht & Co. From and after July 1st, we will continue the business of Milling heretofore carried on by Wm. Hoberrecht & Co., and would respectfully request a continuance of the liberal patronage extended to the old firm in years past. Respectfully, WM. HOBERRECHT, 6-7-01-01

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ABOUT SMART WOMEN.

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LADIES' BAZAAR.

A Column of Small Talk For Our Feminine Readers.

HE AND SHE.

A Novelist with Nothing in it. He was barely two-and-twenty, She was only seventeen; He was budding hopes and plenty, She was grateful as a queen. He had ordinary features, An unusual affair, She, the faintest of creatures, Was possessed of golden hair.

He beamed her and was captured, She admired his manly style; He professed himself enraptured In a very little while, She responded shyly, Love she hardly knew as yet, For Don Quixote's very wit In the way he spreads his net!

He often went to woo her, Several times within a week, And would whisper gently to her Those soft nothings lovers speak. She would hearken to him gladly Just as maidens always do; He declared he loved her madly, Which was very likely true.

He along the lane was straying An occurrence undesigned, She was there engaged in musing Quite promiscuously, mind! While Apollo, in his splendor, Tinted every golden tree, He exclaimed in accents tender, "Be my bride!" And she said, "Yes."

Wide ruckings made of frayed-out silk are worn on this dress, particularly as a finish for the neck.

Chemisettes, or guimpes, are much worn inside square-neck dresses; thick dresses have guimpes of plaited silk inserted.

A sensible Vermont girl refused to promise to marry a young fellow until he had subscribed for a daily newspaper. He went straight away and did it.

The wedding clothes of a young woman in Troy, O., were stolen by a spiteful rival, and the ceremony had to be postponed until more could be made.

A cotemporary inquires if the young ladies of the present day are fitted for love. We think it a much more important inquiry whether they are fitted for his hands.

The clasp of the ballet is again heard on the town, and any one who croquet is going out of fashion, is a conspicuously bad player, or else wears No. 6 gaiters.

Dreary shoes are made with the uppers to match coats, or walking-boots gaiters are used. Slippers have rosettes or bows matching trimmings of dresses.

Said a faded belle to a fresh young rival: "You are having a great trial to-night. I wonder what your enemies will say now?" "I was just going to ask you, was the keen retort.

Ann Taylor never had a sick day in her life. She was never out of the village (Holbrook, England) in which she was born. She left a daughter eighty years old. She was herself 102 years old.

Hunting vests are added to the jaunty suits made for watering places. They are worn with long, half-tight-fitting jackets, and are made long, with flap pockets, generally in some striped material.

Mrs. Hayes won't let the female correspondent come in and overhaul her wardrobe and get descriptions of her underwear, and now they are disappointed in the present administration.

The new mantles prepared for the summer very much resemble the shape the mantles of last winter. They are mostly of black cashmere or faille. Formerly one style was adhered to, but now all styles are worn.

Tiny tucks in innumerable quantities are coming in favor; some of the newest silk dresses are tucked down the front and back, and the trimming, be it pouterette or embroidery, is placed at each side of the tuck.

Warning to tea-drinkers: "Haven't been well? What's been the matter, then, Betty?" Betty: "Well, I dunno whether it's my 'f' or my 't' or my 'b' or the doctor he do say I'm suffering from a bronchitis affliction."

The three daughters of Mr. Richard Storms Willis, of New York, have been married to Lieutenants of the United States frigate Franklin, which wintered at Nice in 1875. The third wedding of the number took place in New York last week.

The Kansas City Journal relates the following incident: The Tuesday morning train brought to this city a young girl, who immediately took apartments in one of the hotels near the depot. About the same time the police was notified to be on the lookout for her arrival, as she had been enticed from home, and came to meet a gambler whose acquaintance she had made during one of his visits to her native town, in an adjoining county. The police were asked to hold her until the arrival of her father in the evening.

The proprietor of the hotel was notified to keep watch over her, and not to let any outside parties have admission to her room, but during the afternoon she managed to pass out and disappeared. When her father arrived in the evening, she was not to be found, and after the police had searched every place it was likely she could be concealed, it was discovered she had taken the evening train for Topeka.

The authorities there were telegraphed to, and soon a dispatch came back that they had taken her in charge. Her father went after her yesterday morning.

The girl is scarcely sixteen years of age, well educated and an excellent musician, pretty and of good family. She has taken a bad start in life if she has not her education on one who will soon cast her off to be tread upon as dirt in the street. Her father is about sixty years of age, and appeared to deeply feel his daughter's folly. It is hoped the experience of the past forty-eight hours has taught her a lesson she will remember for her good.

"London Assurance" was played by a amateur company in a New England village recently, and the boys laughed to see the microphone was down on the hills as Lady Gay speaks.

LOCK DESERTS THE ST. LOUIS BROWN STOCKINGS—An Unusually Run Giving Louisville the Victory.

Fortune deserted St. Louis for Louisville Friday, enabling the Grays to score a victory over the Browns on the ball field by one to nothing. Latham tallied for Louisville in the sixth inning by being sent to first on called balls, a wild throw by Clapp to catch him at second and Hall's long fly to second before a single base hit had been made. Nichols' pitching was very fine, three of the four base hits charged against him being made in the last inning, after the game was won. Devlin's pitching was also superb, and Snyder supported him in splendid style. Remson and Shaeffer covered themselves with glory by brilliant catches in the outfield. Hogue and Latham also did splendid work in the field for Louisville. Dorgan led at the bat with a double and a single, but was very unfortunate on the bases, his daring attempts to steal going unrewarded. About 1,000 people witnessed the contest, which was unusually exciting.

Promptly at 4 o'clock Frank Wash, who had again been selected as umpire, called "play," and Dorgan drove a fly out to Crowley, which was held. Clapp sent a bouncer direct to Latham, and retired, but McGarry got in a beauty to center. He reached second as Gerhardt dropped Snyder's fine throw, but was left there, Battin's very high fly back of second being well taken by Gerhardt. Latham opened for Louisville with a long drive to center, and Remson made one of his beautiful running catches; Hogue was disposed of by McGarry and Dehlman, and Hall was sent to first on called balls, only to be left, Nichols and Dehlman retiring Gerhardt at first. In the second inning Force was thrown out at first by Hogue, Remson was sent to first on three balls. Blong retired on three strikes, and Remson was caught by Snyder and Craver in a feeble attempt to steal second. "Gang" elicited a round of applause for his brilliant running catch of Craver's foul bunt. Nichols induced Shaeffer to strike out, but McGarry snuffed his easy bouncer, and Jim was left, Force making a fine catch of Snyder's difficult fly. Blong started the third inning with a hot bouncer to Craver, which was first partially stopped by Devlin, and was thrown out. Nichols hit direct to Latham, and Devlin did likewise. After Crowley's foul fly had escaped Clapp, he was headed off at first by Force, Latham's foul fly was captured by Clapp, and Hogue struck out.

UP TO THIS POINT the batting had been extremely weak, no safe hit being recorded to Louisville, and only one to St. Louis. Dorgan, however, drove a fierce one to left for two bases, but was given out for not touching first; Clapp's fly to right field was held by Shaeffer, and McGarry was disposed of by Gerhardt and Latham, Dorgan's splendid hit amounting to nothing. The inning opened auspiciously for Louisville, Hall for the second time being sent to first on balls, and reaching second on a passed ball. Gerhardt hit direct to Dehlman, and retired, Hall reaching third. Craver's sharp foul fly was splendidly held by Clapp, and Hall was left, as Remson cared for Battin's fly, the applause was deafening. Battin led off in the fifth inning with a foul fly, which Shaeffer fanned on the dead run. Force was again felled out at first in excellent style by Hogue, and Shaeffer disposed of Remson on a foul bunt. Devlin drove a long one to left center, and Remson took it in. Nichols induced Snyder to strike out, and he and Dehlman furnished Crowley with a back seat.

The sixth inning opened brilliantly with a splendid catch by Shaeffer on Blong's long fly. Nichols was disposed of by Hogue and Latham, but Dehlman reached first running and the slow fielding of Craver, only to die at second by one of Snyder's swift and accurate throws to Gerhardt. Nichols' wild pitching allowed Latham to reach first. Hogue, after two strikes, flew out to Remson. Latham then started for second, and on Clapp's wild throw, reached third, coming home on Hall's long fly, which Blong held. Gerhardt retired on a foul bunt to Clapp. The errors of Nichols and Clapp were too costly to be long remembered.

GIVE THE LOUISVILLE A RUN, although up to this point they had not made a base hit. Dorgan opened the seventh inning with a scorcher to Hogue, and was thrown out at first; in his desperate attempt to reach that bag, Mike's spike caught in Latham's uniform, tearing it so badly as to